

THE LIFE PROBLEM BOOKLETS

"HER BOYS"

An account and an interpretation
of the work of
FLORENCE E. SCULLY
at the Cook County Jail School
in Chicago

By **EDWARD VAN HARLINGEN**

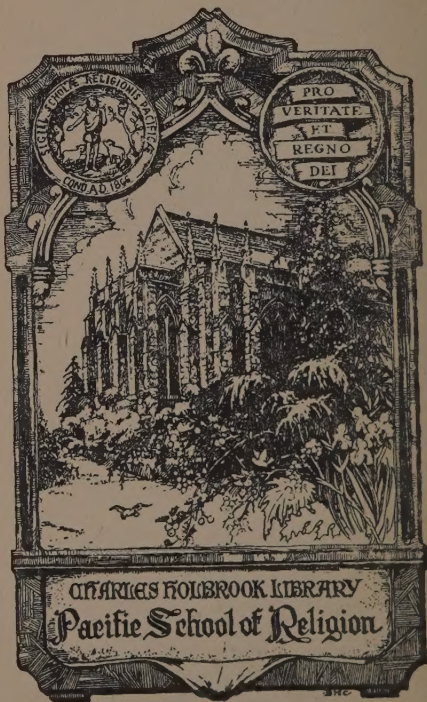


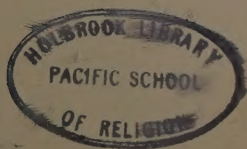
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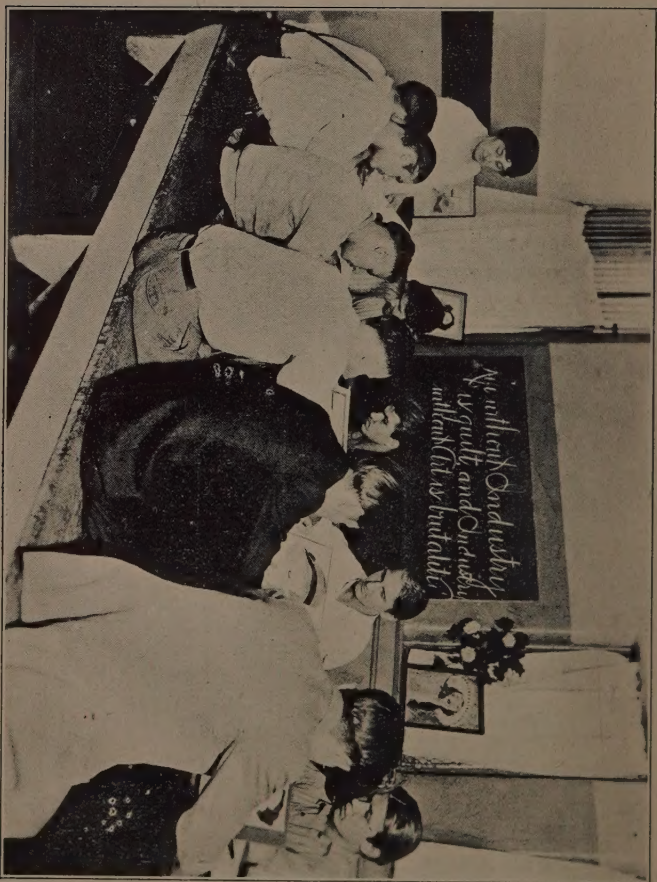
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Cultivating the Sense of Beauty.

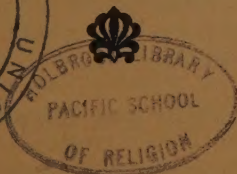
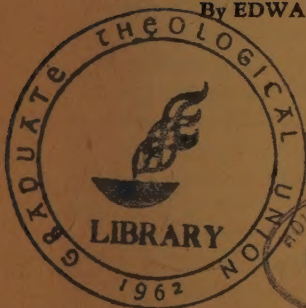
One of the Art classes at work.

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"HER BOYS"

The Story of a Noble Work

A book of this kind is supposed to deal more or less with theories—theories first and then the result of their out working afterwards. If anything of that kind is presented here, I will simply have to develop it myself. I have been trying for years, in talks around my own fireside and in places where Florence E. Scully doth most love to haunt, to find out what her theories are. Invariably her reply has been, "I'm not dealing with theories; I'm dealing with boys." She tells me, however, that she has sometimes been a little surprised at the wild and weird hypotheses that have been put forth by people who were making earnest but mistaken attempts to study boys. At other times she has been a little thrilled when she has found in a book a big idea which had long been her bosom companion and which had been brought out from the depths of her deep experience.

What is a Boy?

Now, what is a boy? Just a mass of a few million bone, flesh and muscle cells, an animal seeking ever its own and only its own, or a spark of

the divine clothed in earthly habiliments but capable of a development of incalculable grandeur when given the right environment and the right motive in life.

What makes a boy do the particularly pesky things he sometimes does? Is it because he has an undue amount of the original depravity of the elder theology and because to do evil is more fun than to be good, or is it something else? Florence Scully says it is something else, and she knows. Perhaps we may say that it is the spirit of high adventure, a perverted but natural desire to express one's self. Then what shall we do about it? Why, manifestly translate the adventure to the spiritual realm, create an active desire to express one's self, not in terms of selfishness, but in consideration for the good of others.

Hereditv

The world today is repeating its well-known and time-honored stunt of finding out that it has been for several hundred years writing ponderous books on something it did not know a blessed thing about. It was Roosevelt who said that every new movement has a fringe of lunacy. True! And generally when the lunacy is trimmed off, something of vital benefit remains. We are finding out that a baby

comes into the world without the terrific burden of heredity that we once thought. Mr. Watson and his followers reduce the inborn traits to a very few, such as the ability to grasp a broom handle; aversion to bright light, shock from a loud sound; fear of falling and rebellion against the confinement of its arms to its side. Possibly the behaviorists have gone too far, but they undoubtedly have revealed to us the fact that we are not handicapped as we once thought, and that right environment, right education, and a big spiritual impulse will ultimately make a man, in the truest sense of the word, out of your alternately crying and cooing baby.

At the University of Chicago they have been studying things—a lot of things, naturally, but there is one thing which interests me and interests Miss Scully particularly. They have been in touch with institutions that “put out” children—orphans, and those taken from physically and morally insanitary homes and have followed these “cases” up for a sufficiently long time to establish conclusively that when children are kept in a good home long enough, providing they had not previously formed seemingly irradicable bad habits, they develop into good boys and girls. That knocks the heredity idea into a cocked hat, doesn’t it? Mr. Watson and his behavioristic followers have reached the same

conclusion, although by work more of a laboratory character.

This hereditary complex is something that Miss Scully has had to meet very often. She has had to eradicate from the minds of her boys the idea that it is no use to try to be good—that they were started off wrong and that their badness is in their blood. Nothing like that “goes” at the Jail School. The idea of strict personal accountability is stressed at all times.

“Forgetting Sin”

Perhaps right here is the place to register a complaint and a disappointment. I had hoped to make this record graphic by illustrating it with a lot of dramatic instances of particular offenses that brought boys to the Jail School. I had sentences such as: “A police whistle shrilled its warning and its call through the gloom of Rattle-Snake Alley.” But no—when I became too insistent with my cry for stories, I received the reply: “Oh, I could never remember sins.” There is an idea for you! If Miss Scully were addicted to slang, she would probably tell us that her slogan for the boys was not so much “cut it out” as to “forget it!” This has made a great impression on the boys, as is shown by a paragraph in one of the very remarkable letters reproduced elsewhere in this book.

Practical Ethics

Suppose you wake up some morning with an uneasy feeling that the day is going to bring with it a troublesome problem in conduct to solve. You have two courses of action presenting themselves; and you certainly want to choose that which is morally right, for you are that kind of a person.

"Let your conscience be your guide!" Well, is your conscience always right, or is it the result of past erroneous judgments sunk into the sub-conscious and ready to spring into consciousness, with all the force of the voice of God, when something arises requiring instant and intuitive action? You will remember, of course, that the Hindu woman who threw her infant into the Ganges, or immolated herself on her husband's funeral pyre was perfectly, oh, terribly conscientious about it.

Now wouldn't it be a pretty good plan to say to yourself: "I will select that course of action which will produce the greatest balance of pleasure over pain to myself and to the other fellow now and remotely." Fine—if you are capable of judging the future effects of your action. A little fundamental thinking will generally lead you to the right estimate, however, and it's a mighty fine procedure to try to follow. I have had many difficult situa-

tions clear up wonderfully by keeping this plan in mind. Yes, we have here stated the very heart of the Utilitarian philosophy, but note how well it harmonizes with the "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," of Jesus.

Great ethical ideas such as the above are constantly being urged on her pupils by Miss Scully.

The Three Torches

There are three things—three torches—that are being held up to show her pupils the way to a better and beauty-filled life—Music, Literature and Art. They are all important, in Miss Scully's opinion, and will be dealt with more or less in detail in the pages that follow.

Good Home Influences

I can't help remarking here that if more attention were paid to Miss Scully's three torches, in the homes from which some of her boys come, they might have different stories to tell.

In Chicago, or any city large enough to boast a well organized Art Institute, there is little excuse for any home to be without good pictures—reproductions of masters. At our own Art Insti-

tute on the Lake Front, you can buy wonderful reproductions of the fine paintings on the walls of the galleries for from twenty-five cents to one dollar each, and the framing doesn't cost much. To encourage the children to frame those for their own rooms might prove an excellent plan.

Music—I remember well the first little old tin-horn phonograph we had in our own home and especially one record, the great Tannhauser overture. It was purely instrumental, of course, but from it I reconstructed the Tannhauser story with its glorious spiritual implications and told it to my children in simple language. I know that it influenced their lives and that following out this course of action and impressing on them the meaning of the compositions, implanted in them the taste and desire for good and inspiring music.

Literature? At the thought there comes another story about that boy of mine. One morning I went into his room—he was about ten years old at the time, I think—and found him awake but looking a bit dazed. “Well, son, how goes it?” I said. “Papa,” he replied, “I think it is going to be easier for me to be a good boy today,”—and I noticed that his eyes were fixed on a picture—a simple print—of Sir Galahad on the wall—you know the one. “That’s good, but why?” I asked. “Oh,” he

said, "just before I woke up I thought a beam of light struck my eye and at the other end of it—right up there—was the Holy Grail."

In our home there have been few rigid regulations, few "don'ts" for our children. We have simply, within the limited means at our disposal, tried to make a home for them that would furnish a helpful and elevating environment, and a home in which they would be glad to spend much time and to which they would be glad to invite their friends. We are highly satisfied with the results.

The number of cases multiplies where glandular treatment or surgical operation would absolutely remove the impulse to crime, but if the doctor can't cut it out, boys are told to summon their will power and do that same thing, only in another way. Sympathy and consideration for others is the keynote of Miss Scully's gospel.

Something About "Teacher"

Here's another of the several disappointments I had in getting data for this story. A biography, without the life story of the one about whom the book is written, is decidedly Hamlet without Hamlet. But here Miss Scully was adamant; she wasn't posing, but the woman really spends so much time

thinking of others that she has little time left for thinking of herself; but her life and her work tell her story. This much can be said: she commenced teaching in the Chicago Public Schools when she was not out of her teens. She was first teacher and then principal of the Illinois State School for Boys at Glenwood. After that, she taught in the John Worthy School. Following this, she organized the school in the Detention Home in connection with the Juvenile Court, the first in the world. After that she opened the School of the Cook County Jail on March 10, 1924, which has been in existence therefore, for five years. It is conducted under the auspices of the Chicago Board of Education.

Little Stories

Miss Scully can reel off some interesting statistics when she feels like reeling them. She doesn't do this very often because her work is so personal and individualistic that figures don't count for much. It is decidedly interesting, though, to hear her say that sixty per cent of the boys who are prisoners in the County Jail are there because they stole to get money to entertain their sweethearts. "I re-proved a boy," said Miss Scully, "for stealing an automobile." The reply came quick as a flash, "Girls don't want to ride in street cars." Under a

fire of questions Miss Scully told some of the little stories which may serve to illustrate the kind of work she is doing. A little fellow was brought in one day and when he was asked, "Are you a real burglar?" he said, "Oh no, not exactly. You see I only just got started." Like many others, he found himself in the art class. He was put on probation and the jail has not heard of him since.

Changed Faces

Miss Scully, by the way, has abundantly proved that boys who would not obey commands or moral precepts can be led to a moral life by appeal to their sense of beauty. In other words, they cannot be induced to leave off doing things because they are bad, but they can be induced to leave off doing them because they are ugly. People who have been in the habit of visiting the school often have noticed the change in the faces that occurred after the boys had been there even a few weeks.

One boy took an active interest in the school and did excellent work. He was sent to the State Reformatory, graduated from eighth grade and sent Miss Scully his diploma. She says that was a red letter day for her, because she had given up all thought of diplomas when she started the Jail

School. The picture of the boys that work in the school which appears as a frontispiece, also appeared in the Mid Week Pictorial of The New York Times, with the following legion under it: FROM CRIME TO ART: A CLASSROOM IN THE COOK COUNTY JAIL in Chicago, where young hoodlums charged with various offenses, from Petty Larceny to Murder, develop their latent artistic ability under the instruction of Miss Florence E. Scully. Painting, it appears, is popular when the "sentimental burglar isn't burgling." Naturally Miss Scully showed the paper to the boys and one of them said, "Oh, Gee, Miss Scully, they called us 'Hoodlums'." "Oh, nonsense, that's a mild term for us," said another.

Boys who go to reform schools and penitentiaries are able to carry on certain studies only through correspondence courses. Miss Scully has bought courses in standard correspondence institutions for boys out of her own limited salary, but lately others have become interested and several individuals and one or two organizations are furnishing funds for this and other methods of ministering to and looking after the boys after they leave the school room. People have often asked, "Well, aren't you afraid? Don't you carry a revolver?" Miss Scully always

says, "No, my three weapons are Music, Art and Literature." This, it must be remembered, is a change of metaphor on the three "torches." She leaves her pocket-book out on the bench or in a corner in full view of the boys, but she has never had a cent taken from it.

Drink

If there is one conviction which is grounded in the very roots of Miss Scully's nature—it is that alcohol and boys do not mix. She has not been compelled to wax didactic on this matter; there have been too many graphic illustrations of it. One will suffice. Two really decent boys went from the Jail School to the penitentiary for life because they killed a man as a result of momentary anger while intoxicated.

The Invisible Alumni

She is very proud, indeed, of the Invisible Alumni, which has recently been graphically described in the Chicago Daily News. The article was a long and most appreciative one, but space permits only the paragraphs devoted to the Alumni. Said the News:

"Loyalty to an alma mater of which they dare not boast but whose influence they wish to continue has led a group of Chicago youths to establish the association of 'Invisible Alumni.'

"They are former students of Miss Florence E. Scully's county jail school. Some of them attended for only a few weeks, others remained in the school for months, while they were detained in the county jail awaiting disposition of their cases. All of them are held together by the common affection and gratitude they have for Miss Scully's efforts to turn their thoughts toward educational matters.

"Faced with the problem of a proper insignia for their association, they finally hit upon a symbolic and inconspicuous sign. A pin, they felt, would mark them as former 'jail birds,' so, instead, each member folds a handkerchief in a certain design in his breast pocket. They chose the title of "Invisible Alumni,' and they keep their places of meeting secret."

The Flag

The Woman's Relief Corps of Irving Park, the section of Chicago where Miss Scully has lived for many years, gave the school the flag which adorns the school room on the occasion of the Memorial Day Exercises, several years ago.

Miss Scully asked one of the boys to "report" the affair and here is his "story":

"The spirit of true patriotism, in its best form, was manifested on Memorial Day in Cook County Jail in Chicago. In spite of their imprisonment, more than two hundred boys, ranging in years from seventeen to twenty years, joined the thousands of other boys throughout the country in celebrating Memorial Day.

"The boys listened eagerly to speeches on Patriotism and the heroic deeds of those whose deaths they were mourning. A new atmosphere, an atmosphere probably foreign to any other institution in the country, prevailed throughout the jail.

"After the speeches the boys sang patriotic songs and saluted the Flag. The conduct of the boys during the whole program well bespoke the training given by Miss Scully, teacher of the Cook County Jail School. Just as these boys are proud

of their forefathers, whose acts of heroism they were celebrating, so can those patriots who are really enjoying the freedom for which they fought, be proud of the real Americanism shown by the boys of Cook County Jail School."

It is hardly necessary to say that Miss Scully emphasizes strongly the fact that law violation is not a part of true patriotism.

Now let us listen to another of "her boys" who writes eloquently on the subject of "The American Flag and what it Symbolizes to me":

"The American Flag, since the beginning of our republic, has always stood for purity, steadfastness of purpose, and loyalty of devotion. Freedom!—did any one ever stop to consider the true meaning of that word? To native born Americans, the word does not mean so much, as they have been taught to look upon it as a heritage, and so expect it. But did any immigrant who came from any of the old countries, ever experience anything to compare with what we look upon so complacently? No, and they never will, unless they come to the United States. When I am around the different schools, and they happen to be having a flag raising or lowering exercise, it thrills me to be able to say, "I am a part of that flag and that flag is a part of me and anew:

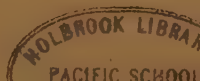
"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Art

As has been frequently intimated in this little booklet, Miss Scully finds that the best way to awaken the ethical sense and the desire for the best in life, as well as to cause the boys to get away from morbid and distressing thoughts, is by doing something that will make an appeal to their feeling for beauty. This is best done, of course, by inducing them to create beautiful things. Therefore, the drawing periods and painting periods assume the highest importance in the teacher's estimation. The results are quite remarkable, as those well know who have visited the school or who have seen the exhibitions of the boy's work made in connection with the addresses she has made before churches and various organizations.

Music

The regenerating, purifying effect of good music is most thoroughly appreciated by Miss Scully. Every available means is taken to get the boys in touch with it, within the limited means provided by



the school. The first thing she did when she organized the school was to place pianos in the room at her own expense. A talking machine is there also, equipped with a choice selection of operatic records, although the good popular music is not overlooked. A much appreciated feature has been "community singing" once a week. It has been the means of developing some remarkably fine voices, any number of good ones, and a lot of vociferous ones.

Books

How would **you** like to sit in a cell four or five hours every day with nothing to do; nothing to break that disastrous process of introspection which wrecks the mind? Two of the letters written to Miss Scully by her former pupils printed in this book, testify to the great need of books in penal institutions and the inspiration which results from their perusal. Anyone who wishes to supply books to inmates of jails, reform schools and penitentiaries would do a work which would, no doubt, in many instances, prove a life-giving boon for the recipients. But this must be remembered: the books must, for obvious reasons, be sent from the publishers direct.

Listen to this letter, written by a boy in "Pontiac," of a Sunday afternoon:

"Les Miserables" comes to me one volume at a time; I have but a hundred pages or so to read to complete the edition. How great a work it is and how splendid is the portrayal of even the most worthless of characters. Gavroche, the gamin, captured my heart from his first appearance, and his untimely death saddened me immensely. He was certainly a precocious and lovable boy with whom a great deal might have been done. However, it is probable that Hugo, with his great knowledge of life, could find no more suitable termination of the life of Gavroche. Is it not strange that Dickens, also, conceived the death of his Little Nell as the only possible conclusion of a splendid existence? Surely the world and its people must have been very harsh in their treatment of Hugo and Dickens at some time. The perception and the penetration of their writing seems to show that, for a man who goes from the cradle to the grave without encountering adversity can know nothing of the sorrow in life, and without sorrow, there is no real joy, for joy is greater when contrasted with its antithesis; without control we have mediocrity.

"Jean Valjean is the greatest character I have ever met, in the literature of the world. The majority of readers will, no doubt, disagree with me there, but I know the enormity of the temptations which he had to overcome. Each step of his life I have

lived with him: his monotonous years at the galleys, the smouldering fires of vindictiveness which must be extinguished ere they become all consuming; the fight to triumph over contamination which willy-nilly penetrates the most rigid moral code. These and a thousand other difficulties he surmounted, and emerged a man. The crisis of his life and the vindication, were brought about by the friendship of the Bishop; without that friendship it is certain that Valjean would not have come forth a clean man. How glad I am that I, too, have found a friend who has faith in me. God knows that it is the most essential element in our lives. It buoys our hopes and excludes despair, which is as it should be, for despair leads to iniquity."

And here is an extract from another letter. Boy prisoners need dictionaries—sent from publishers, remember!

"Just a little note to thank you for sending the book. I didn't realize before what a great help it is. As for the dictionary, I don't see how in the world I could do without it.

From Another Prison Cell

"You know, Miss Scully, I have five or six hours each day in which I have nothing to do but think. God! At times its nothing less than torture. I try to study, but somehow my mind wanders. I simply

can't concentrate on any one thing any length of time. I have always been restless, but never as I am now. Perhaps its only the monotonous routine of the place that is getting on my nerves, and, it may after a time wear away. Who knows?

"If I had only known a teacher like you when in school I don't think any such thing would have happened. I happen to know what a wonderful influence you seem to have over any one you meet. A person who cultivated your friendship couldn't very well face you if, after meeting you once, he did something wrong."

A Work for a Woman

From a letter recently written by Miss Scully, concerning her work, to a prominent Chicago organization, these three very significant paragraphs are taken.

"All I wish to do now is to emphasize the fact that this is not a position for one inexperienced in this class of work and certainly it must be apparent that it is essentially a work for a woman—a woman who by long contact with just the kind of boys who attend this school has a sympathetic understanding of their particular problems.

"While the school has done some wonderful work as a school yes, even to the point of chang-

ing illiterates to literates in the course of two or three months, yet it is not as a school that its great work has been accomplished. It is a matter of personal contact with a sincere and understanding woman at a critical time in a boy's career, at a time when the criminal and anti-social attitude has not become fixed, that the value of the school is most clearly seen.

"No one who is not willing and eager to follow these boys up after they have been released or have been sent on to penitentiary or reform school, can fully realize the ideals of those who were instrumental in the establishment of this institution."

The attendance of the school has ranged from thirty-five to ninety boys from time to time, probably averaging sixty.

Home and Mother

Miss Scully has ever sought to awaken thoughts of home in the boys and to create a desire to return to their families as useful members at the earliest possible opportunity. The first question a boy is asked on entering the school is, "Does your mother know where you are? Ashamed to let her know? Well, wouldn't you rather have her know and that you are sorry and are going to lead a good life hereafter, than to think that you are hopelessly

astray, or are sick, or miserable or dead? Now, here is a stamped envelope, sit down and write her." A truly beautiful picture of a good mother, painted by one of the boys, occupies a prominent place in the school. The week before "Mother's Day" is always a very busy time as the boys are urged, in lieu of flowers, to send their mothers letters or perhaps a drawing or a bit of their handiwork of some kind or other. And they do it.

Naturally, not all of the boys who go through the school are of the same intellectual equipment as the writers of the letters reproduced, but Miss Scully has received many on much the same order and hundreds of letters from boys testifying to the lasting benefit and the new life impulse received while under her guidance at the Jail School. From the time that she taught in the Glenwood School, boys have come under her influence who have finally reached positions of responsibility and even power. Miss Scully has become an incorrigible letter-writer and sits up to the wee sma' hours writing letters to boys—"my boys," as she affectionately calls them.

A Remarkable Letter

Here is a letter from a boy in the Pontiac Reformatory which Miss Scully highly prizes. It was

written to the president of one of Chicago's best known women's organizations. Extracts from it were printed in one of the Chicago dailies and elicited wide comment.

My dear Mrs. Blank:

"Because of this institution's rules I must print my number in the space provided above, otherwise this letter would be written entirely incognito.

"This is being written in behalf of a little school-room in which I have been incarcerated and which should interest you, the Cook County Jail School. In reading a newspaper account of the new County Jail one is impressed with its elaboration. Spacious corridors, sanitary housing quarters, escape-proof doors, extensive judges' chambers and courtrooms, but not a word as to a school-room. Being active in Cook County's Club affairs and its political welfare, your interest leans toward good citizenship, and for that reason I ask you to kindly bear with me to the end of this letter.

"Sitting in a corner of the juvenile floor of the old County Jail, execrating the entire political force of the city, I felt a light finger upon my shoulder. Before I could look up to see who it was that broke in so 'rudely' upon my pleasurable despair, a voice said, 'Won't you join my little school?' It was Miss Florence E. Scully speaking. My thoughts

spoke differently but my voice said, 'No, thank you. I have had all the schooling I shall need—two years at high school.' 'How splendid,' was her instant reply, 'then perhaps you'd like to paint a picture for my class room or assist me in teaching some of the less learned boys; there is one who has much difficulty in adding three columns of figures.' Having exhausted my entire category of adjectives applicable to the police officials and the law makers of the state, and, that leaving me nothing else to do, I said I might try my hand at drawing.

"The school room at that time (1925) was a square of about thirty-two feet, separated from the rest of the juvenile floor by a curtain. Soon a boy placed a pencil and a sheet of paper—similar to the one upon which this is being written—on the table in front of me. Strange artistic paraphernalia, thought I.

"In going from table to table, Miss Scully stopped at my place and said, 'Write a letter to your mother; she will want to know that you are well.' Before I could protest that I lacked the funds required for postage, Miss Scully had taken a stamped envelope from a portfolio she carried under her arm, placed it at my side, and without another word went on to help some boy with an addition, composition, or some such thing.

"I finished my mother's letter just as the morning session was declared over. Upon leaving, Miss Scully approached me with an invitation that I was welcome to morning and afternoon classes until I went elsewhere. Thus I spent the first morning in the company of the woman to whom I attribute my rehabilitation.

"The four months in the little school passed as four weeks. On one afternoon, Miss Scully gathered the class, to which new members were added daily, about the windows facing Michigan Avenue, and pointed our attention to the Tribune Tower, which was then rising toward the clouds. She told us the name of the architect, of the strength and beauty he put into the design of that building, and gave us a short sketch of his brilliant career. At another time she showed us pictures of what is now Wacker Drive, told us of its beauty, its worth to the city, of the dreams that were becoming realities, of the man for whom the drive was named. She played the piano for us, loaned us books to read. She opened the doors of our minds and thoughts to things we never dreamed existed. She tried, not to make us ashamed of the things which brought us to the jail, but to forget, and to make worthy and good.

"In writing this, I have expressed the feeling of hundreds of Cook County boys who have passed through the 'little school' presided over by Miss Scully.

"More necessary than a jail warden, more necessary than a presiding jurist, more necessary than a St. Charles School for boys or a Pontiac Reformatory is Miss Florence Scully and her 'humanistic school of understanding. I hardly think Miss Scully's work can be measured in dollar value but I do know that it can be measured in **rehabilitating citizenship**. If, in her efforts, she salvages but 25 per cent, or even 10 per cent or 5 per cent of the young criminal wrecks that fill her classes, what a wonderful monumental future she is building.

"A humanist—I fail to find any other word descriptive of her.

"Will you arouse the proper authorities to the full realization of the value of a school at the new County Jail, and to the necessity for larger quarters, and better equipment. In so doing you will be helping those who need help most, the sixteen and eighteen year old law-breakers, who must spend from three to five months at the County Jail before a judge sends them elsewhere.

"Thanking you for your patience, I am
Very respectfully,"

The School in Action

I know no better way to close this brief record than by referring to an account of a visit I made, some time ago, to the Jail School and what I saw there. It appeared in a paper, published in the part of Chicago where Miss Scully lives, and it had, I believe, the effect of securing some devoted friends for the school by those who were prompted to visit it and see for themselves. The article said in part:

"Sixty-five boys, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-two, are seated at four long tables, all absorbed in some task before them. Some are solving problems in arithmetic, others making water color sketches of paintings or copies of magazine sketches.

"A basket ball falls in their midst and no one notices it. The teacher throws it back.

"Let us look closely and see just what kind of 'numbers' the boys are struggling with and just what subjects they are painting. The sketches are mostly those of women and home. The arithmetic problems run from the two by two multiplication table to fractions, decimals, percentage and square root. We are told that one boy of sixteen,

who is now doing fractions was struggling painfully with the 'two times two' five months ago.

"The school is located in one curtained-off end of the seventh floor bull-pen in the Cook County Jail, under the tutelage of Miss Florence Scully of Irving Park.

"Its significance is great. Few of these boys are criminals from a legal standpoint. They are here awaiting trial. Go down the line, and you will find some who have the indubitable stamp of subnormality on their faces; others look even as your boys and mine. Perhaps there are scars, but otherwise they look and are inherently even as your boy and mine. If they are adjudged criminals, and sent to Pontiac or to the penitentiary, they will carry away with them not the memory of hours spent largely in conversation with criminal associates, but of steady and willing concentration on helpful things. They will also carry with them the memory of a woman's face, of a woman's words, and of a woman's motherly sympathy and understanding.

"In the past, how many a boy, guilty of only a first slip, or even of no slip at all, has acquired the ways of the criminal while awaiting trial in the county jail? Those who have the privilege of attending 'Miss Scully's School' go forth, unless they

are hopelessly subnormal, with light in their eyes and hope in their hearts. That light and that hope are not easily dimmed.

“‘Every jail should be a school,’ is Florence Scully’s slogan, and she does not mean that it should be a school for training boys in the ways of the criminal.

“Everyone who can, should get in touch with Miss Scully and seek the opportunity of acquainting themselves at first hand with what she is doing. It is vital, fraught with meaning for the future. Who knows but that it may prove to be possibly the most important step in the inevitable change in our still antiquated penal system? When this change comes, as come it will, it will be actuated, if it is to be permanent, not by the vengeful motives of an offended society, but by the motive of love, the motive that has actuated Miss Scully in her years of arduous and fruitful work for truant, delinquent, dependent, misguided, but at heart, good boys. She believes that all boys have more good than evil in them, if you can find and encourage the good. This is manifestly not the work of the psychopathist, but of the loving heart that questions not—but gives all.”

An Editor's Tribute

The Chicago Journal in its issue of March 21 prints the following editorial:


"Miss Florence Scully is a public-school teacher whose duties include instruction at the Cook county jail, where she has now given five years to educating youngsters awaiting trial. Buying "her boys" clothes from her own salary, teaching them to read and write, lending them books, encouraging them to write home, even paying for their correspondence courses long after they have 'graduated,' Miss Scully has been a devoted foster-mother to many.

"The respect and devotion in which her 'students' hold her is shown in their recent organization of a secret fraternity, known as the "Invisible Alumni," and pledged to carry on the self-education which Miss Scully began.

"Here is a conspicuous example of inconspicuous Samaritanism which deserves the highest praise that Chicago can bestow. It is impossible to estimate how many potential criminals Miss Scully has re-directed to wholesome citizenship, how much hope and comfort she has brought to the sick at heart. Let it suffice to rank her in Chicago's estimation with that other Florence, the Nightingale, as the womanly symbol of tireless, tender ministry."

— NOTE —

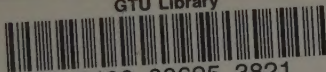
Since the occupation of the new Cook County Jail took place, and after the copy for this booklet was written and set up, the "Jail School" has not been functioning. It is certainly to be hoped that it will be speedily resumed and conducted in the same fine and understanding spirit as in the past.



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